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The Philosophy of the poetry of KRISHNAMURTI.

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PRINTED AT
THE SANJIVI PRESS,
DHARMAPURI.
1934.

1. Mysticism.

In the fore-word to the Song of Life, Krishnamurti says, ' I am not a poet ; I have merely attempted to put into words the manner of my realization.' But this modest denial is of no avail before the ' words ' referred to, which speak of their own accord for their high poetic quality.

Like all the religious poetry of India, Krishnamurti's too is mystic. The poet seems to have communed with God face to face, as the seers of the Upanishads. The knowledge of God is not the result of ratiocination or faith, but of direct realization through emotional intuition. The living vision of God, which has plunged Indian saints into ecstatic self-forgetfulness and caused some to become oblivious of the world and others to see all the world as the manifestation of the One, cannot but be a little incomprehensible to the West, since it has largely lived its religious life through faith rather than direct realization. But in the East the vision of God is as real as the concretest reality, and consequently the yearning and vision have moved the Eastern poet-saints to as intense poetry as any earthly vision or yearning has moved the poets of the West. This relation of the individual soul to the Supreme Soul has been so humanized, so endowed with mutual Personality, that the religious poetry of the East is not an impersonal

philosophy in the least as Western people might at first fear, but full of the personal, human element in the highest degree required for great poetry. That is why the effusions of the Eastern mystics from the seers of the Upanishads through the saints of the middle ages down to the modern descendants such as Tagore and Krishnamurti, are not only highly religious, but also highly poetical.

Since Indian religious poetry expresses the search and discovery of one Supreme Personality by another individual personality, it possesses a rich living variety inaccessible to any poetization of mere philosophy. The feelings are as varied as the characters of the poets, and the ideas as varied as the manners of their realization.

2. Tagore and Krishnamurti.

To illustrate, both Rabindranath and Krishnamurti seek union with their Beloved mystically, but the ways differ greatly. Some of the former's songs represent the human soul as a lover in search of her Beloved, God. They are, therefore, characterized by a feminine self-surrender. Other songs of his represent Him as a companion or as a Master, and are accordingly characterized by the note of friendship or of loyalty. Krishnamurti, on the other hand, merges himself in consciousness with his Beloved, and all his poetry looks on life from the serene summit of the Infinite. While in Rabindranath's poetry, an individual personality is endeavouring to commune with and delight in an Infinite Person who manifests Himself through love and beauty in the Universe, in Krishnamurti's the individual personality is endeavouring to become absolutely one with the Infinite. While, again, in Rabindranaths'

poetry the realization is one of communion and accord through love, in Krishnamurti's it is one of absolute identification with the Infinite. As a consequence, while the poems of Rabindranath have an intensity of feeling as a result of the preservation of the separateness of the human element from the Divine Perfection, the poems of Krishnamurti are generally characterized by the tranquillity and serenity of perfection and complete God-head. Rabindranath represents the Vaishnavaite's relation to the Infinite; Krishnamurti represents The Vedantin's.

3. The Beloved.

Though, in order to express a difference, Krishnamurti may be said to represent the Vedantic union of the self with The Self, his realization has a uniqueness which cannot be classified under any previous generality. Reading his poems, one becomes aware of a Beloved with whom he becomes one. What is that Beloved? In the 'Search' we are introduced to a Kingdom of Happiness, attainable through dispassionate affection.

'When thou art free, untrammelled,
When thy body is controlled and relaxed,
When thine eyes can perceive all things in [their pure nakedness,
When thy heart is serene and burdened with [affection,
When thy mind is well poised,
Then, O world,
The gates of that Garden,
The Kingdom of Happiness,
Are open.' (p. 61. The Search)

Then, in the very first poem of 'The Immortal Friend,' we are introduced to his Beloved, who is first the Guru that has shown him the path to Truth and Happiness. Addressing him he says,

'Thou art the Truth,
Thou art the Law,
Thou art the Refuge,
Thou art the Guide,
The Companion and the Beloved.'

(pp. 9 and 10, The Immortal Friend.)

In the very same poem, he describes how he has become one with Him and ends declaring that he himself is verily the Truth, The Law, the Refuge, the Guide, the Companion and the Beloved.

As each breath of His transforms him into His image, he bursts into lyrical delight and love :

'As on the sunlit sea the waters dance,
Joyous in their ecstasy,
So is my heart
Dancing for love of Thee.
As the small rain-drop
Mingles in the vast ocean,
So have I lost
Myself
In Thee—.' (p. 15, The Immortal Friend.)

The Guru he adores is God Himself in common language, though Krishnamurti does not use that word. For the words,

'Thou art the end
Of all sorrow
Of all joy,

Of all knowledge,
Of all search.'

(pp. 16-17, The Immortal Friend)

obviously point to the God of all religions.

As we go on, we discover that the Beloved embraces the Universe, that all life is in Him.

'The tall trees I saw through Him' (p. 21, The Immortal Friend.)

'The heavily laden and chattering villagers walked through Him—'

'Look where I may, He is there.
I see all things through Him' (p. 22, The Immortal Friend)

'In Thine eye
Is the whirlwind,
The soft breeze,
The sacred Himavat,
The low plain,
The happy valley,
And the blue skies—
All things are in Thee.'

(p. 27, The Immortal Friend.)

Going further, we discover that the Beloved is Life itself in all its infinite manifestation:—good and evil, beauty and ugliness:

'In the happy laughter of children
Thou canst hear him'

.....

'Through the voices of the night
The cry of sorrow,
The shout of joy,
Through the ugliness of anger
Comes the voice of my Beloved.' (pp. 30-31, The Immortal Friend)

The Beloved and he have become One :

'O Guru,
Thy play is my play,
Thy love is my love.
Thy smile has filled my heart.
My work is Thy Creation.
Thou hast bowed to me, O Love,
As I have bowed to Thee,
Through countless ages.

The veil of separation is torn.
O Beloved, Thou and I are one. (p. 48, The Immortal Friend)

4. Love of Life.

As the Beloved is the Life Universal, the poems of Krishnamurti bid us love life :

'Love Life,
And thy love shall know of no corruption.
Love Life, and thy judgment shall uphold thee.
Love Life ; thou shalt not wander away
From the path of understanding.'
(p. 19. The Song of Life.)

It is not the life of the individual, divided and sorrow-laden, that he speaks of, but of the life indivisible and all-pervading, wherein the proud and the meek, the high and the low, the animate and the inanimate are one in kinship. For, in the very next stanza, he says,

'As the fields of the earth are divided,
Man makes a division of Life,
And thereby creates sorrow.'

He closes the poem with :

'I am of that Life, immortal, free,
The Eternal Source ;
Of that Life I sing.' (p. 19, The Song of Life)

The Love of the Life Universal is perhaps Krishnamurti's greatest message. Life makes the world one and welds it in bonds of kinship. The same life that runs through one runs through all else :

> 'O Friend,
> Life fills the world.
> Thou and I are in eternal union.' (p. 27, The Song of Life)

In the understanding of Life, therefore, the ego perishes, and there is no separateness. The self vanishes, and with it all the struggles and sorrows of this narrow world :

> 'It is the unwise who chase
> The shadow of self in Life,
> And Life eludes them,
> For they wander in the ways of bondage.
> Wherefore the struggle in loneliness of division?
> In Life there is neither you nor I.' (p. 29, The Song of Life.)

The relation of man towards sorrow is one of the simplest and sweetest ; for sorrow is part of Life, and Life is his Beloved :

> 'The cry of sorrow is the voice of fulfilment,
> And the rejoicing therein
> Is the fullness of Life.' (p. 37, The Song of Life.)

The Beloved is the One Life behind an infinitude of forms, including man's own individuality :

> 'Through the veil of Form,
> O Beloved,
> I see Thee, myself in manifestation.' (p. 59, The Song of Life.)

The Life, spoken of by Krishnamurti, is one of the most noble and synthetic conceptions of the poet-seers of the East. The following poem of Rabindranath contains the same idea of the One Indivisible Life of the Universe, as Krishnamurti's poetry :

' The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world and dances in rythmic measures. It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the Earth in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers.

It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean-cradle of birth and death, in ebb and in flow.

I feel my limbs are made glorious by the touch of this world of life. And my pride is from the life-throb of ages dancing in my blood this moment.' (No. 69, Gitanjali)

Of a similar cast are the stanzas of Krishnamurti :

' Oh rejoice !
There is thunder among the mountains,
And long shadows lie across the green face of [the valley.

The rains
Bring forth green shoots
Out of the dead stumps of yesterday.
High among the rocks
An eagle is building his nest,

All things are great with Life.' (p. 26, The Song of Life.)

On the continuity of Life and its immortality, in spite of the mutability of its finite forms, there is a beautiful poem:

'Love Life.
Neither the beginning nor the end
Knows whence it comes,
For it has no beginning and no end.
Life is.

In the fulfilling of Life there is no death,
Nor the ache of great loneliness.
The voice of melody, the voice of desolation,
Laughter and the cry of sorrow
Are but Life on its way to fulfilment.

Look into the eyes of thy neighbour
And find thyself with Life.
Therein is immortality,
Life eternal, never changing.' (p. 18, The Song of Life.)

5. The way to the Kingdom of Happiness.

A poet who lays stress so strongly on Life points naturally to a liberation in the midst of Life. All bondage and sorrow are the result of a faulty understanding and an imperfect reaction. But he who loves Life rightly enters the Kingdom of Happiness. Krishnamurti's poetry is not a barren philosophy bereft of emotion and calling on men to renounce sensations and experiences and fly from the world. On the contrary, it rings with the call to live life,—a life which is not bound by the little self, but embraces the Universe in its boundless finite forms. It is full of life and warmth as all true poetry should be.

In the ' Search ' the poet declares that the kingdom of Happiness is found in oneself through a right adjustment towards life :

> ' In thee alone is the Kingdom of Happiness.'
> (p. 50, The Search.)

To discover that kingdom, one should rise above all the narrow prejudice which binds man in its fetters, and keeps him out of truth :

> ' Thou must be free from that poison of Truth—
> Prejudice—' (p. 55, The Search)

The poet describes the nature of prejudice through a wealth of similes beginning,

> ' Prejudice is as the shadow
> On the face of the mountain,'
> etc. (pp. 57-58, The Search)

Cleansing oneself from prejudice, one can attain happiness in detached affection, the affection without reaction, the affection free of the ego. Describing his own realization, the poet says,

> ' Liberated am I,
> Free from life and death.
> Sorrow and pleasure call me no more,
> Detached am I in affection,
> Beyond the dreams of the Gods am I.'
> (p. 74, The Search).

The liberation is no renunciation or flight. The poet is one with Tagore, who stands against the anchorite and sings, ' Deliverance is not for me in renunciation. I feel the embrace of freedom in a thousand bonds of delight.' (No. 73, Gitanjali)

According to Krishnamurti, liberation consists in identifying the life in onself with the life of the Universe and rejoicing in its eternity. This is the theme of the very first poem in ' The Song of Life. '

' Make of thy desire the desire of the world,
Of thy love the love of the world,
In thy thoughts take the world to thy mind,
In thy doings let the world behold thine [eternity.'
(p. 9, The Song of Life)

To the man of such a growth of consciousness there is no death. For life is eternal, though the form is mortal :

' Can Life die ?
Look into the eye of thy neighbour.'
(p. 10, The Song of Life.)

For the man who loves The Eternal Life, there is no doubt, sorrow, or pain.

' The Life of my love is unburdened ;
The attainment thereof is the freedom of [fulfilment.'
(p. 16, The Song of Life.)

The call for rising above the likes and dislikes o the ego and shedding one's love over all the Universe without care or cunning, is sounded in this poem :

' Love not the shapely branch,
Nor place its image alone in thy heart.
It dieth away.

Love the whole tree,
Then thou shalt love the shapely branch
The tender and the withered leaf,

The shy bud and the full-blown flower,
The fallen petal and the dancing height,
The splendid shadow of full love.'
(p. 32, The Song of Life.)

The heart which loves Life will invite sorrow as part of the fulfilment of life :

' Sorrow shall unfold the weaving of Life '
(p. 37, The Song of Life.)

The poet calls us again and again to cast off all the burdens of the ages, with their cumbersome creeds :

' Life has no philosophy,
No cunning systems of thought. '
(p. 14, The Song of Life.)

Thus free from entangling prejudices every man has to discover his own way to happiness out of his experiences :

' As the maker of images
Carves the human shape
Out of granite,
So, out of the rock
Of thine experience,
Hew thine eternal happiness.'
(p. 51, The Song of Life.)

The man who has attained happiness is calm in love and harmony, as our poet is :

'Calm and clear as the mountains in the morning

Is my thought,
Born of love.

Happy is the man who has found the harmony of
[Life,
For then he creates in the shadow of eternity.'
(p. 59, The Song of Life.)

6. The Call.

The poetry of Krishnamurti is full of a sweet call to humanity, so that it too may have a vision of his Beloved and be free and happy. It is rich in that warm sympathy which awakens human hearts to response. Learning to love the Beloved, one learns to love all the world.

'My love for thee
Has awakened the love
For all.
I must bring the world
To Thee.' (p. 15, The Immortal Friend)

In another poem he calls man fervently to share his joy:

'O friend,
I weep for thee,
Thou layest deep thy foundation,
But thy house perisheth on the morrow.

O friend
Come with me,
Abide in the house of my Beloved,
Though thou shalt wander the earth
Possessing nothing,
Thou shalt be as welcome
As the lovely spring,
For thou bringest with thee
The Companion of all.'
(p. 54, The Immortal Friend.)

The state to which we shall attain by climbing the path shown by him is indeed the realization of life, love and freedom.

> ' A thousand eyes with a thousand views,
> A thousand hearts with a thousand loves,
> Am I.
>
> As the sea that receiveth
> The clean and the impure rivers
> And heedeth not,
> So am I.
>
> Deep is the mountain lake
> Clear are the waters of the spring,
> And my love is the hiddden source of things.
>
> Ah, come hither and taste of my love,
> Then, as of a cool evening
> The lotus is born,
> Shalt thou find thy heart's own secret desire.
>
> The scent of the jasmine fills the night air;
> Out of the deep forest
> Comes the call of a passing day,
>
> The Life of my love is unburdened ;
> The attainment thereof is the freedom of [fulfilment.
>
> (p. 16, The Song of Life.)

Conclusion.

To conclude, the poetry of Krishnamurti gives expression to a great search for immortal happiness, and its attainment. The realization is mystic as with Rabindranath and the other poet-seers of India, but it is of a unique character. Krishnamurti calls mankind to see the Beloved in the Life Universal and become one with Him, giving up the ego, while Rabindranath

prefers to retain the personal consciousness in order that he may have the eternal joy of wooing the Beloved and singing His glory and dancing to His measures. As a consequence, the poetry of Rabindranath is more intense as poetry, possessed as it is with the keenness of pain and pleasure, joy and sorrow. On the other hand, the realization of Krishnamurti is the poise of love and reason; and his poetry, as he himself says (p. 12, The Song of Life), is 'the poetry of balance,' calm, serene, and unruffled. Though there is not that unhingement which is commonly characteristic of poetry and which is implied in the light-veined remark of Shakespeare, 'The poet, the lover, and the lunatic are one,' still Krishnamurti's poetry affords the greatest pleasure through a unique and serenely emotional vision of immortal happiness. That vision of happiness is sweetened with love which is the essence of the human element, and which, therefore, sweetly humanizes all his poetry. Again in describing the blessed state to which he has attained, he displays a wealth of imagery which is unsurpassed for its simplicity, grandeur, and beauty. Belonging to all climes, he draws his similes from what is the common gift of his Beloved to all lands—the tall mountain, the deep valley, the green grass, the blue sky, the blossoming flower, the running river, the pellucid lake, the cool breeze and the singing birds. With a wonderful facility, the poet-philosopher conjures image after image from the life of the natural universe to illustrate his experiences, so that his poems are, as it were, garlands of simile-pearls. Not the least among the delights of his poetry are those simple yet lofty similes, woven into the texture of almost every poem. In a word, his poetry is a soul-pleasing vision of happiness clothed in beautiful imagery.

Printed at the
Sanjivi Press, Dharmapuri.
1934.
(Book work a Speciality.)

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The Theosophical Publishing House,

Adyar,

MADRAS.

The proceeds of the sale of this booklet go to the Besant Memorial School Fund.